

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Two Years—Relieved In Three Months.



C. B. FIZER.

MR. C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., writes: "I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past."

"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

"I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

Per-u-na for Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Geo. H. Sinsler, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes:

"I had not been well for about four years. I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time."

"This summer I got so very bad I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Mannin."

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and now I feel better than I have for some time."

"I feel that Peruna and Mannin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna."

It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials. They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. There are times when they need a little assistance. Peruna is exactly this sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens.

BABY'S ECZEMA GREW WORSE.

Hospitals and Doctors Could Not Relieve Him—But Cuticura Remedies a Speedy, Permanent Cure.

"Eczema appeared when our baby was three months old. We applied to several doctors and hospitals, each of which gave us something different every time, but nothing brought relief. At last, one of our friends recommended to us Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. A few days afterwards improvement could be noted. Since then we have used nothing but Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and now the baby is six months old and is quite cured. All that we used was one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes Cuticura Ointment, costing in all \$1.25. C. F. Kara, 243 East 65th street, New York, March 30, 1906."

The deepest sounding yet made in the ocean is said to be in the Aldrich deep, to the east of New Zealand. Here the sea is 30,330 feet deep.

Outdoor Rays of Old Sol.

Sunlight, hitherto regarded as no less essential to the existence of man than the air he breathes, and as being absolutely indispensable to plant life, has found a rival in ordinary acetylene gas, so writes William T. Walsh in the Technical World Magazine. True, the sun's rays cannot dissipate the frigidity of the atmosphere, nor make the world was long without the beneficent rays of the great god of day, but when the latter chooses to sultry, when need not pause in its growth, but under the cheering influence of acetylene's rays, may vary large and lusty. Professor John Craig of Cornell University, N. Y., in a series of experiments extending over a long period of time, discovered that of artificial illuminants, none is so closely akin to sunshine as are the rays of acetylene gas.

Go to a hothouse; observe how the myriad panes of glass are placed to catch every scattering ray of sunlight. But dark and gloomy days come and the plants languish. The process of forcing fruits or growing vegetables or flowers for the market at once ceases. Sunlight, since there is none, cannot be trapped. Diminishing profits stare the horticulturist in the face. Then it is that artificial sunlight, generated by acetylene, comes to the rescue, and performs its function.

Twenty million rabbits were exported from Victoria, Australia, last year.

CHANGE IN FOOD

Works Wonders in Health.

"It is worth knowing that a change in food can cure dyspepsia. I deem it my duty to let you know how Grape-Nuts food has cured me of indigestion."

"I had been troubled with it for years, until last year my doctor recommended Grape-Nuts food to be used every morning. I followed instructions and now I am entirely well."

"The whole family like Grape-Nuts, we use four packages a week. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you see fit."

The reason this lady was helped by the use of Grape-Nuts food is that it is predigested by natural processes and therefore does not tax the stomach as the food she had been using; it also contains the elements required for building up the nervous system. If that part of the human body is in perfect working order there can be no dyspepsia; for nervous energy represents the steam that drives the engine. When the nervous system is run down, the machinery of the body works badly. Grape-Nuts food can be used by small children as well as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ready for instant use.

Read, "The Road to Wellville," in shape. "There's a Reason."

Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

CHAPTER XXVII.

All news travels fast, and before noon the death of Selina Sprouts was known all over Melbourne. The ubiquitous reporter, of course, appeared on the scene, and the evening papers gave their own version of the affair, and a hint at foul play. There were no grounds for this statement, as Dr. Chinston told Kitty and Madame Midas to say nothing about the poison, and it was generally understood that the deceased had died from apoplexy. A rumor, however, which originated none knew how, crept about every one that poison was the cause of death, and this being added to by some and embellished in all its little details by others, there was soon a complete story made up about the affair.

The inquest was appointed to take place next day, and Calton had been asked by Madame Midas to be present on her behalf. Selina Jane Sprouts, was her servant, and she being added to by some and embellished in all its little details by others, there was soon a complete story made up about the affair.

The first witness called was Madame Midas, who deposed that the deceased, Selina Jane Sprouts, was her servant, and she being added to by some and embellished in all its little details by others, there was soon a complete story made up about the affair.

The inquest was adjourned till next day, and there was great excitement over the affair. If Kitty Marchurst's statement was true, the deceased must have died from the administration of poison; but, on the other hand, Dr. Chinston asserted positively that there was no trace of poison, and that the deceased had clearly died from apoplexy.

Suddenly, however, a new interest was given to the case by the assertion that a Ballarat doctor, called Gollipeck, who was noted toxicologist, had come down to Melbourne to assist at the analysis of the stomach, and knew something which would throw light on the mysterious death.

Vandelpop saw the paragraph which gave this information, and it disturbed him. "That book of Prevot's," he said to himself, as he threw down the paper; "it will put them on the right track, and then—well," observed M. Vandelpop, sardonically, "they say danger sharpens a man's wit; it's lucky for me if it does."

His rooms in Chansonon street, near Melbourne, were very luxuriously and artistically furnished, in perfect accordance with the taste of their owner. M. Gaston Vandelpop, though not exactly miserably, was very ill at ease. The inquest had been adjourned until the government analyst, Dr. Gollipeck, had come down to Melbourne to assist at the analysis of the stomach, and according to a paragraph in the evening paper, some strange statements, implicating various people, would be made next day. It was this that made Vandelpop so uneasy, for he knew that Dr. Gollipeck would trace a resemblance between the death of Selina Sprouts and the death of Madame Midas in Paris, and then the question would arise how the poison used in the one case came to be used in the other.

It was about 8 o'clock at night, and Gaston was busy in his rooms packing up to go away next morning. He had disposed of his rooms to the late and departed young gentleman had lately come in for some money and was dissatisfied with the paternal rule, where he was kept too strictly tied up.

Vandelpop, seated in his shirt sleeves in the midst of a chaos of articles of clothing, portmanteaux and boxes, was with the assistance of an accomplished traveler, rapidly putting these all away in the most expeditious and neatest manner. While thus engaged there came a ring at the outer door, and shortly afterwards Gaston's landlady entered his room with a card.

"A gentleman wants to see you, sir," she said, holding out the card. "I'm not at home," replied Vandelpop, coolly; "I can't see any one to-night."

"He says you'd like to see him, sir," answered the woman, standing at the door. "The mischief he does," muttered Vandelpop, uneasily; "I wonder what his pertacious gentleman's name is?" and he glanced at the card, whereon was written "Dr. Gollipeck."

Vandelpop felt a chill running through him as he rose to his feet. The battle was about to begin, and he knew he would need all his wits and skill to get himself out safely. Dr. Gollipeck had thrown down the gauntlet, and he would have to pick it up. Well, it was beat to know the worst at once, so he told the landlady he would see Gollipeck downstairs. He did not want him to come up there, as he would see all the evidences of his intention to leave the country.

"I'll see him downstairs," he said, sharply, to the landlady; "ask the gentleman to wait."

The landlady, however, was pushed roughly to one side, and Dr. Gollipeck, rusty and dingy looking as ever, entered the room.

"No need, my dear friend," he said in his grating voice, blinking at the young man through his spectacles, "we can talk here."

Vandelpop signed to the landlady to leave the room, which she did, closing the door after her, and then, pulling himself together with a great effort, he advanced smilingly on the doctor.

"Ah, my dear monsieur," he said, in his musical voice, holding out both hands, "how pleased I am to see you."

Dr. Gollipeck smiled pleasantly in his turn, and he laughed, and then, something apparently went wrong in his stomach, and a rasping noise came out of his mouth.

"My room is untidy, is it not?" said Vandelpop, nodding his head carelessly at the chaos of furniture. "I'm going away for a few days."

"A few days? ha, ha!" observed Gollipeck, something again going wrong with his inside. "Your destination is—"

"Sydney," replied Gaston, promptly. "And then?" queried the doctor. "Depends upon circumstances."

"Depends upon circumstances?" repeated the doctor, grimly. "Pshaw!" said the Frenchman, coolly, "let us have done with allegory, and come to common sense. What do you want?"

"I want Octave Braultard," said Gollipeck, rising to his feet.

Vandelpop quite expected this, and was

too clever to waste time in denying his identity. "He stands before you," he answered, curtly, "what then?"

"You acknowledge, then, that you are Octave Braultard, transported to New Caledonia for the murder of Adelaide Blondet?" said the doctor, tapping the table with one hand.

"To you—yes," answered Vandelpop, crossing to the door and looking it: "to others—no."

"Why do you lock the door?" said Gollipeck, gruffly. "I don't want my private affairs all over Melbourne," returned Gaston, smoothly, returning to his position in front of the fireplace; "are you afraid?"

Something again went wrong with Gollipeck's inside, and he groined out a hard, ironical laugh.

"Do I look afraid?" he asked, spreading out his hands. Vandelpop stooped down to the portmanteau lying open at his feet, and picked up a revolver, which he pointed straight at Gollipeck.

"You make an excellent target," he observed, quickly, putting his finger on the trigger. "Because the pistol shot would alarm the house," said Gollipeck, serenely, "and if I was found dead, you would be arrested for my murder. If I was only wounded I could tell a few facts about M. Octave Braultard that would have an unpleasant influence on the life of M. Gaston Vandelpop."

Vandelpop laid the pistol down on the mantelpiece with a laugh, and, sitting down in a chair opposite Gollipeck, began to talk.

"You are a clever man," he said. "I admire your brains," returned the doctor; "I admire your brains."

"Very good," said Vandelpop. "As we now understand one another, I await your explanation of this visit."

He heard the doctor coolly to the end, and smiled slightly. "In the first place," he said, smoothly, "I acknowledge the truth of all your story, except the latter part, and I must compliment you on the admirable way you have guessed the identity of Braultard with Vandelpop, as you have no proof to show that they are the same. But with regard to the death of Mademoiselle Sprouts, she died as you have said; but I, though the maker of the poison, did not administer it."

"Who did, then?" asked Gollipeck, who was quite prepared for this denial. "Dr. Gollipeck rose, and walked to and fro in the little clear space left among the disorder."

"You are not shielding yourself behind this girl?" asked the doctor, coming close to him. "How could I?" replied Vandelpop. "I could not have the name of St. Kilda, climbed over a wall with glass bottles on top, and committed the crime, as Kitty Marchurst says it was done. If I had done this there would be some trace—no, I assure you Mademoiselle Marchurst, and none other, is the guilty woman. She was in the room when Madame Midas stepped to bed. What was easier for her than to pour the poison into the glass, which stood ready to receive it? Mind you, I don't say she did it deliberately—impulse—hallucination—madness—what you like—but she did it."

"Why?" said Gollipeck, warmly, "you'd argue a rope round this girl's neck even before she had a trial. I believe you did it yourself."

Dr. Gollipeck was disgusted at the smooth brutality of this man, moved hastily to the door and left the room. "This doctor, what a dangerous fool; but I have got the better of him, and at all events, I have saved Vandelpop from suffering for the crime of Braultard."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There was no doubt the Sprouts poisoning case was the sensation of the day in Melbourne. The papers were full of it, and some even went so far as to give a plan of the house, with dotted lines thereon, to show how the crime was committed.

Rumors were started that the government analyst and Dr. Gollipeck had found poison in the stomach, and that, moreover, the real criminal would be soon discovered. Public opinion was much divided as to who the criminal was—some, having heard the story of Madame's marriage, said it was her husband; others insisted it was Braultard, and was trying to shield herself behind this wild story of the hand coming from behind the curtains; while others were in favor of suicide. At all events, on the morning when the inquest was resumed the court was crowded, and a deep silence pervaded the place when the government analyst stood up to give his evidence. Madame Midas was present, with Kitty seated beside her, the latter looking pale and ill; and Kilsip, with a gratified smile on his face which seemed as though he had got a close to the whole mystery, was seated next to Calton. Vandelpop, faithfully dressed, and as cool and calm as possible, was also in court; and Dr. Gollipeck, as he awaited his turn to give evidence, could not help admiring the marvelous nerve and courage of the young man.

The government analyst deposed that the stomach of the deceased had been sent to him to be analyzed. He had used the usual tests, and found the presence of the alkaloid of henlock, known under the name of conia. In his opinion the death of the deceased was caused by the administration of an extract of henlock.

There was great excitement when this evidence was concluded, as it gave quite a new interest to the case. The question as to the cause of death was now set at rest—the deceased had been murdered. Dr. Gollipeck stood up to give his evidence.

He deposed that he was a medical practitioner, practicing at Ballarat; he had seen the report of the case in the papers, and had come down to Melbourne as he thought he could throw a certain light on the affair—for instance, where the poison was procured. About three years ago a crime had been committed in Paris which caused a great sensation at the time. The case being a peculiar one, was reported in a medical work, by Messieurs Prevot and Lebrun, which he had obtained from France, some two years back.

The facts of the case were shortly these: One Adele Blondet died from the effects of poison, administered to her by Octave Braultard, who was her lover; the deceased had also another lover, called Kostriko, who was supposed to be implicated in the crime, but he had escaped; the woman in this case had been poisoned by an extract of henlock, the same poison as in the case of Selina Sprouts, and it was the similarity of the symptoms that made him suspicious of the sudden death. Braultard was sent out to New Caledonia for the murder. While in Paris he had been a medical student with two other extranees, one of whom was Monsieur Prevot, who had reported the case, and the other was at present in court and was called M. Gaston Vandelpop. M. Vandelpop had manufactured the poison used in this case, but with regard to how it was administered, he knew nothing. He had seen a medical student with two other extranees, one of whom was Monsieur Prevot, who had reported the case, and the other was at present in court and was called M. Gaston Vandelpop. M. Vandelpop had manufactured the poison used in this case, but with regard to how it was administered, he knew nothing.

When Gollipeck left the witness box there was a dead silence, as every one was too much excited at his strange story to make any comment thereon. Madame Midas looked with some astonishment at the doctor, and he moved gracefully to the witness box, while Kitty's face grew paler even than it was before. She did not know what Vandelpop was going to say, but a great dread seized her, and she stared at him as if paralyzed. Kilsip stole a look at her, and then rubbed his hands together, while Calton sat scribbling on his note paper.

M. Gaston Vandelpop, being sworn, deposed: He was a native of France, of Flemish descent; he had known Braultard intimately; he also knew Prevot; he had seen eight months in Australia, and for some time he had been with Mr. Villiers at Ballarat; he was fond of chemistry—yes; and had made several experiments with poisons while up at Ballarat with Dr. Gollipeck, who was a great toxicologist; he had seen the henlock in the garden of an hotelkeeper at Ballarat, called Trenchard, and he had seen an extract therefrom; he only did it by way of experiment, and had put the bottle containing the poison in a desk, forgetting all about it; the next time he saw that bottle was in the possession of Miss Kitty Marchurst; she had threatened to poison herself, and he had given her the bottle in her possession on the night of the murder; this at the house of M. Meddloch. A report had been circulated that he was going to marry Mrs. Villiers, and Miss Marchurst asked him if it was true; he had denied it, and Miss Marchurst had said that she would marry Mrs. Villiers; she would poison her; the next morning he heard that Selina Sprouts was dead.

(To be continued.)

GINGER IS THEIR TIPPLE.

Victims of the Habit Become Pitiable Wretches in Time.

The taking of ginger, in the form of essence or strong tincture, is revealed by a medical man as a growing form of inebriety both in this country and America.

As its alcoholic strength is about double that of whisky or brandy, the deleterious results of excessive indulgence can be imagined.

There is one recorded case in which the daily dose of a victim of "gingerism" was increased from ten drops to a pint in the course of three years. Though the habit is more practiced in the United States than in England, there are numbers of chemists in London who admit that they have regular customers for the pungent essence, who buy comparatively large quantities every week.

The cause of the habit is nearly always the same. "Gingerists" are people with weary brains and disordered stomachs who seek palliation of the results of overwork. They know that such drugs as morphia, chloral, cocaine and chloroform are accumulative in their effect upon the human system, they know also that ginger was the homely remedy of their youth for stomachic troubles.

It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that from the taking of a few drops of this powerful carminative for indigestion a "gingerist" will grow into the habit of taking large doses, as a tonic, a sedative and a palliative.

So far inquiries show that women are as much addicted to "gingerism" as men, but the actual victims are difficult to trace, as essence of ginger is easily purchasable in any chemist's shop by child or grown-up person.

"It makes a very pleasant taste that can endure large doses of tincture of ginger," said a wholesale chemist. "But, of course, the same can be said of most violently acting drugs. Once there is a physical demand created for a particular stimulant, the palate is disregarded. It is the result which is looked forward to, not the immediate impression. In this connection at least the ordinary alcoholic drinker is more sane than the morphia taker or the 'gingerist.' He may put that in his mouth which steals away his brains, but at least he gets some physical sensation of pleasure in the operation. 'Gingerism' is a depraved form of drugging."

The result of the practice seems to be a negation of the results aimed at. A doctor said yesterday that this form of inebriety, after giving relief at first, completely disorders the stomach and gives no relief to a busy brain.—London Mail.

Supplements to the Decalogue.

Our social organization has developed to a stage where the old righteousness is not enough. We need an annual supplement to the Decalogue. The growth of credit institutions, the spread of industry in law, the interlocking of government and business, the multiplication of boards and inspectors, beneficent as they all are, they invite to sin. What gateways they open to greed! What fresh parasites they let in on us! How idle in our new situation to intone the old litany! The reality of this close-knit life is not to be seen and touched; it must be thought. The sins it opens the door to are to be discerned by knitting the brows rather than by opening the eyes. It takes imagination to see that bogus medical diploma, lying advertisement and fake testimonials are death-dealing instruments. It takes imagination to see that savings bank wrecker, loan shark and investment swindler is taking imagination to see that the business of debauching young men, fixing juries, seducing lawmakers and corrupting public servants is like sowing through the seeds of a crowded grand stand.—A. Ross in Atlantic.

Old Favorites

Morning.

But who the melodies of morn can tell? The wild brook babbling down the mountain side? The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell; The pipe of early shepherd, dim described In the lone valley, echoing far and wide; The clamorous horn along the cliff above; The hollow murmur of the ocean tide; The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love, And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage crows at early pilgrim bark; Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings; The whistling plowman stalks afield; and hark! Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings; Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs; Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour; The partridge bursts away on whirring wings; Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bowers; And shrill bark carols clear from her aerial tower.

—James Beattie.

Concord—April 19.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled, Here once the embattled farmers stood, And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept; All like the conqueror silent sleep; And Time the ruined bridge has swept Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream, We set to-day a votive stone; That memory may their deed redeem, When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare, To die, or leave their children free, Bid Time and Nature gently spare The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

SUGAR MIGHT BE CHEAPER.

Suggested National Policy that Would Reduce the Price.

Including Cuba, whose interest is vital, four different groups are concerned by the American sugar situation. There are (1) the American government, which receives a little more than \$50,000,000 a year in revenue from the tariff on sugar; (2) our domestic and our insular producers, to whom that tariff is a direct benefit to the extent of about \$50,000,000 a year; (3) the consumer, who is interested in lower prices, and (4) the Cubans, who are so largely dependent upon the American market for their livelihood.

In an article in the International Edward F. Atkins of Boston, the owner of a large plantation in Cuba, works out this problem along an interesting and probably correct line.

With a general assumption of the continuance of present political and fiscal conditions Mr. Atkins says: "To all appearances our importations of foreign sugar, other than Cuban, will soon end and from that time, if domestic and Cuban production keeps pace with increased consumption, as is anticipated, a differential to Cuba would protect her against other countries and reduce cost to consumers in the United States." He holds that "the protection of even the Cuban rate (about 1.35 cents a pound) now gives the domestic sugar producers so large a margin of profit that they can well afford to drop prices below Cuba's cost in order to market their goods." He claims that in the almost certain event of the reduction of competition to our domestic product and the Cuban product a very material reduction could be made in the present Dingley rate.

Should that be done two results should follow: There should be reduction in selling prices and important increase in consumption. The initial loss of revenue to the government would soon be offset by increase in imports from Cuba. Increased demand should stimulate domestic production. The Dingley rate, practically a maximum rate, would keep out the sugar of other countries if Cuba were given a differential, or what might be regarded as a minimum rate. This differential would virtually assure to Cuba a market for her product and so divide the market between her output and our domestic supply.

The argument is certainly worth a careful consideration by the authorities.—New York Sun.

East Behind in Education.

A fact which will be surprising to some easterners is that people of the middle west are ahead of them in the matter of average education. The rate of illiteracy in cities of 25,000 or over in the North Atlantic States, which include New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, was at the date of the last national census 5.8 per cent and outside the cities 7.3 per cent.

In the North Central States, which include Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North and South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas, the percentages were 3.3 and 4.6 respectively. In the former division there are eighty-seven universities and colleges, with 29,995 undergraduates and 3,003 graduate students, while in the latter there are 187 institutions of this character, with 40,537 undergraduate and 2,827 graduate students.—New York Tribune.

Sure Road to Advancement.

Buster.—What did you do to get your salary raised? Brown—I worked.—Detroit Free Press.

Breaking a record at billiards requires a skill and energy which would accomplish something worth while, if properly directed.

Nearly every man has a worthless relative who lives off of him.

HIDDEN STREAM RUNS MILL.

Water Power from a Subterranean Source Utilized in Florida.

To see a large water wheel supplying power to machinery while not a vestige or even a hint of a mill-race, dam or body of water of any size is to be found near the wheel by which it could possibly be revolved, seems incongruous, to say the least, says the Florida Times-Union. One might as well imagine a steam locomotive propelled without the necessary fuel.

But such a condition is frequently met with in certain parts of the Florida peninsula, where sections of the country are underlain with bodies of water of a high pressure. On the outskirts of St. Augustine, under which area is known to be one of these subterranean streams, the proprietor of a mill decided some time ago to try to coax a flow of water to the surface, thereby supplying his machinery with perpetual power which should always be ready for instant use, would eliminate the cost of fuel and could be used night or day without additional trouble or expense.

By means of an ordinary drilling machine he sunk a hole and at the depth of 130 feet struck water, but this being of low pressure the drilling was continued. A solid rock stratum was then encountered so hard in places that only a few inches could be bored through a day, and after plugging away through some 400 feet of solid rock he broke through the bottom crust and tapped the high-pressure subterranean stream. An eight-inch pipe was quickly sunk 130 feet to the top of the rock strata—the drill hole through this serving the purpose of a pipe—and a stream of water spouted twenty-two feet above the ground level.

A wheel of sixteen feet in diameter having been rigged, the pipe was continued to a level of eighteen feet, a sluice was erected to carry the water from the mouth of the pipe to the top of the wheel and fifteen maximum horse-power was to be had for the asking. At quitting time the turning of the water shuts off the power and by a twist of a screw it is turned on again in the morning.

JOURNEY OF A TREE ROOT.

Eucalyptus Seeds Shoots Up Over Wall to a Sewer.

From Santa Barbara, Cal., there comes a story of a most interesting freak of vegetable life which is strictly vouched for.

Through a certain garden there ran some years ago a sewer made of redwood timber. This sewer was again caused by an outside sewer. Across the sewer there was built a brick wall many feet high and in such a way that it was pierced by the inner sewer, which it inclosed tightly, while the outer sewer ended abruptly against the wall.

The outside sewer casing had in course of time decayed and a eucalyptus tree standing some sixty feet away had taken advantage of this and sent one of its roots to the gaped spot in as direct line as possible.

Here the root entered the outside sewer and followed its course as far as it could. At last it came to the wall, which shut off its course, and it could go no further, the inside sewer being perfectly tight.

But on the other side of the wall the sewer and its double casing continued, and this eucalyptus tree evidently knew how to get there.

Some three feet high in the brick wall there was a little hole an inch or two in diameter, and this the eucalyptus tree was aware of, as its big root began to climb the dry wall and face the sun and wind until it found the hole, through which it descended on the other side and entered the sewer again and followed it along as formerly.

How did the tree know of the hole in the wall? How did it know that the sewer was on the other side? How could it direct the root to go and find the place with such precision? The roots of any plant grow always and unerringly in the direction of its food, just as the eucalyptus tree did.

Christmas with Queen Bess.

In Elizabethan times the Christmas holidays extended from "All Hallow evening to the day after Candlemas Day, when there was, among other sports, playing at cards for counters, palls, and points in every house, more for pastime than for gain." Apprentices were not allowed to play cards except in the Christmas holidays, and then only in their masters' houses. Not only the king and every nobleman, but also the Lord Mayor of London and either of the sheriffs had their several lords of misrule ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the roarest pastime to delight the beholders. These lords, beginning their rule at Allhallow eve, continued the same till the morrow after the feast of the Purification.

A Real Distinction.

A young matron of Ashland boulevard is the only one of her family who is not in "Who's Who." Her father being a well known clergyman and her mother, brother and sister being more or less celebrated writers. One day her sister was confiding with her on her lack of distinction in this respect. "Never mind, Belle," said the literary sister, "you may not be in 'Who's Who,' but you're the only member of the family who is in the telephone book, and that costs real money."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Devedock Cut Out of Rock.

At Port Florence, on the shore of the great lake Victoria Nyanza, which is the chief source of the Nile, there is a drydock cut out of solid rock by natives who had never before done much serious work. The dock is 250 feet long, 48 feet wide and 14 feet deep. It is 3,700 feet above the level of the sea, or nearly three times the altitude of Lake Chautauqua.

No Model.

Mother—Now, Earle, I want you to behave like a good little boy while in church. Earle—I can't! I don't know any good little boy!

Properly Censored.

"When Maxim Goriky dined with me," said a literary New Yorker, "he talked about the Russian censorship."

"He said that in the course of the Russo-Japanese war he had occasion in an article to describe the headquarters of one of the grand dukes. He wrote of these headquarters, among other things:—"

"And over the desk of his highness's tent is a large photograph of Marie la Jambe, the beautiful ballet dancer."

"Before this article could appear, the censor changed that sentence to:—